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PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF
R.A.F., Moose Jaw,

No. 32 S.F.T.S.
Sask., Canada

PUBLISHED BY KIND
PERMISSION OF
GROUP CAPTAIN
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Editorial

"ONE of the brightest service publications to come to my desk in some time is the Prairie Flyer, the official organ of No. 32 S.F.T.S., R.A.F., Moose Jaw." Thus commences Frank H. Williams' weekly column "Heard and Seen" in the "Winnipeg Free Press" on Saturday, 4th April last. Mr. Williams continues: "It is a zestful airman's paper, reflecting the news of the school. What particularly intrigued me was the Glossary of R.A.F. terms, today confined to this branch of the service, but destined to become moulded into the national tongue, perhaps even before the war is ended." After a few more words, the rest of the column is devoted to the reproduction of the entire glossary as compiled by personnel of this Station and published in our issues of November and December last year.

I feel justified in bringing this "pat on the back" to your attention, because the "Free Press" is one of the Dominion's most widely read newspapers. It has the largest circulation of any between Toronto and Vancouver, and is almost nation-wide in its appeal.

While, of course, the "Prairie Flyer" does not come in the same category, and can lay no claim to any sort of fame, it is interesting to note and may surprise many to know, that, from enquiries made, it is estimated between two and three hundred copies of this magazine are sent monthly to the British Isles. Others may be found at many places between Prince Edward Island and Vancouver Island. And to my certain knowledge copies have been sent to parts as far distant as Australia and New Zealand, Egypt, Southern Rhodesia and the U.S.A.

Do you send a copy home? If not, why not commence with this issue? Your relatives and friends are interested in you, your whereabouts and your activities. They will derive a great amount of pleasure from the mere fact you have sent it. Act on this suggestion, and I know the comments you will receive will make you glad you did.

The postage (in a wrapper or an unsealed envelope) is but two cents to anywhere in the world. . . . . Do it now!

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

"No man's opinion is entirely worthless. Remember, even a watch that won't go is right twice a day."

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THE *Padre's* PAGE

A LITTLE over twelve months ago, we began to use part of what is now the airmen's Supper Room as our Church. That was required, later, for its present purpose, but we were never without a Church. Before moving from that building, internal alterations were made in the building which is now the Station Church so that there should not be a gap between vacating one and occupying another—and on November 1, 1941, All Saints' Day, we held our first service in our new Church.

Why all this fuss about a Church? Why not turn the cinema into a Church on Sunday mornings and let that suffice?

Often, as it has been impracticable to set up a permanent Church on a Camp, something like this has had to be done. It is better than nothing, and it is recognition that there should be public worship on Sunday. But it is always far more difficult to get the right atmosphere in a building used for several other purposes at other times, and it is usually impossible to fit it up with kneelers and other furnishings which, though not essential, are a great help in worship. Apart from this, one great point about a permanent Church is that it is there, open day and night for anyone to use quietly whenever he wishes to do so. I should like to feel that our Church was used in this way much more than it is at present. To go in, to stay there quietly for a few minutes, experiencing God's presence and powers, and offering ourselves afresh to Him—this makes all the difference to our lives, and I invite you all to do this regularly.

Perhaps I can best illustrate what is in my mind by reference to an aircraft. First, constant servicing is essential. In addition to odd repairs and adjustments, lubrication and greasing are frequent necessities, and refuelling is constantly going on. Without this servicing, the aircraft could not fly, no matter how good a job had been done on the last major inspection. So, in our daily life, there is continual need of "servicing". Unless we keep ourselves up to the mark by regular daily prayers, through which we receive God's help and strength, we cannot give of our best. Whether we do this each day in Church, or elsewhere is immaterial, but it is just as essential that we should do it as it is that the aircraft should be serviced every day.

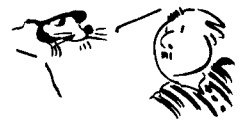
But this servicing of our aircraft is not sufficient. Every so often, a minor inspection is necessary. This is rather like our worship, Sunday by Sunday—a regular occurrence in which we can check up on our lives, offer of our best and receive encouragement from God for the future. Just as the aircraft is able to stand the strain of an unexpected storm when it has been properly inspected, so we are the better able to face the trials and anxieties which come to all of us.

Less frequently, but equally essential when the time comes is the major inspection and test. So, in life, it is necessary that we should periodically examine our lives, giving ourselves, in the light of Christian ideals, a thorough overhaul, in order that we may be of greater service.

It must be remembered, too, that the person flying the aircraft must have knowledge of navigation, including map-reading. Our most reliable map as we travel through life, is the Bible. And yet, though our journey along the road of life is even more exacting and in need of guidance than the journey in the aircraft, we tend to drift along aimlessly, and for this reason, there are so many "crashes" in the lives of people. If only people would read and study their Bibles, and especially the Gospels where we have the life and teaching of Jesus, and try as hard to follow that as the pilot does to follow his map, there would be far more safe journeys through life. Times of difficulty and anxiety are sure to come to us all just as they come to the pilot of an aircraft; but the Bible will enable us to navigate ourselves through them safely and successfully.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

NOTES.—Sunday services in the Station Church are as follows: Mass for Roman Catholics at 07.30 hours. Holy Communion for communicants of the Church of England and other denominations at 08.30 hours. Parade Service for all (except Roman Catholics) at 10.00 hours. Holy Communion after the Parade Service on May 3. On week days, the Fellowship, to which an invitation is extended to all who are interested, is held on Wednesdays at 18.00 hours.



Suggestions to a Mess Secretary

1/4/42.

Sir,

It is suggested that suitable measures be taken with the mouse, at present resident over the ceiling of my room, to discourage any further attempts to imbibe my ceiling for its supper. It should either be brought on Mess Strength and supplied with suitable rations, or exterminated. I have no personal quarrel with the mouse but the practice of rising every three hours or so throughout the night in order to chase it away is beginning to pall. He has already driven two observation posts into my room, and is at present engaged in sinking a third immediately above my bed.

(Sgnd.) F/O. SNOOKS.

I suggest you move your bed from the proposed site. In the meantime, steps will be taken.

(Sgnd.) F/LT. DRIPPE,
Mess Secretary.

Sir, 4/4/42.

Whatever measures have been taken to exterminate this mouse have proved most unsuccessful. The third post I spoke of has now been completed, and my rest is being seriously disturbed by the stamping of the mouse's feet, who, I believe, has brought a companion. If steps of a drastic nature are not soon taken, we shall have a squadron of these beasts marching above us. As there are already two in the room, the prospect of a third at any moment is most unwelcome.

(Sgnd.) F/O. SNOOKS.

I quite agree. Two mice in a room ARE enough. Adequate measures have been taken to stamp out this menace to the officers, but the mice have retired according to plan. It is suggested you have a little more patience, or track down the mice yourself.

(Sgnd.) F/LT. DRIPPE,
Mess Secretary.

Sir, 5/4/42.

Could not the mess cat be introduced above the ceiling and thus be made to earn its keep?

(Sgnd.) P/O. SQUIRT.

7/4/42.

Sir,

Are you aware that the mess cat has been above my ceiling for two days now, and refuses to come down? Doubtless he is having great fun in catching these mice, but so far the only result has been one spinning in on my floor. A close examination revealed it was of the new retracting whisker type which probably makes it faster than the mess cat which has not had these modifications carried out. Unfortunately, we assumed the mouse to be dead, but it was only stunned and escaped as soon as it recovered. A cat chasing mice above my bed when I am trying to rest is not funny.

(Sgnd.) F/O. SNOOKS.

8/4/42.

Sir,

I suggest that a batman armed with a torch and several traps be introduced above the ceiling to bring down the mess cat and set the traps.

(Sgnd.) P/O. SQUIRT.

8/4/42.

Sir,

I suggest this stupid suggestion be withdrawn. We have quite enough livestock as it is above the ceiling, and if there is any more weight we shall not have a ceiling.

(Sgnd.) F/O. SNOOKS.

The Mess Committee has been in conference and the matter is expected to be under control in the near future.

(Sgnd.) F/LT. DRIPPE,
Mess Secretary.

10/4/42.

Sir,

Tired of waiting for official action on the mice crisis, I lay in wait for the mice late last night, and on observing a mouse's head protruding from one of the many holes in my ceiling, I fired at it with my revolver. I am positive I hit it as the hole from my bullet and the

• *Continued on next page*

Spring Days

Soft on the breeze the fervent call of life, and each new thing
With all its fragile strength
Suspended on a trembling hope, drinks in new beauty of the Spring.
Through the world a tremor and from mute myriads a voiceless call;
Through all its breadth and length
Some mystic spell awakes the pulse and holds this land in thrall.

Glad days that to an austere world rich waking brings,
How soon thy lustre fades.
Thy clear chaste air scented with earth and growing things
Infused in languorous summer dreams; thy keen edge dulled;
Dust on the grass blades.
Brief, these days, and soon forever their restless yearning lulled.

—G.R.
—B.S.

SUGGESTIONS TO A MESS SECRETARY

• *Continued*

hole through which the mouse appeared coincide.

(Sgnd.) F/O. SNOOKS.

11/4/42.

Sir,

I strongly object to being charged seven times the cost of what is described as "Wilful Damage to His Majesty's Property, to wit, the roof of the Officers' Quarters." I admit there is a small hole in the roof, but it was made in the course of duty, and had proper action been taken it would not have been necessary.

(Sgnd.) F/O. SNOOKS.

12/4/42.

Sir,

There is a strong smell in the vicinity of my room. I suggest steps be taken to remove it as it is most obnoxious.

(Sgnd.) P/O. DRIVLE.

I suggest that you change your room companion.

(Sgnd.) F/LT. DRIPPE,
Mess Secretary.

13/4/42.

Sir,

Are you aware that the mess cat has been missing for some time now, and should be considered lost? I suggest a replacement be procured and that F/O Snooks be sent on a course of cat and mouse identification as his present habit of firing at anything that appears from his ceiling is liable to get him into serious trouble, not to mention the expense.

(Sgnd.) P/O. SQUIRT.

This is the first sensible suggestion for a long time and will be acted upon at once.

(Sgnd.) F/LT. DRIPPE,
Mess Secretary.

—B. R.

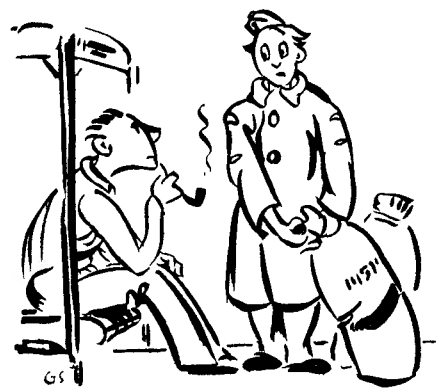
The father of Success is work,
The mother of Success is ambition,
The oldest son is common sense,
Some of the other boys are perseverance, honesty, thoroughness, foresight, enthusiasm and co-operation.
The oldest daughter is character.
Some of the sisters are cheerfulness, loyalty, care, courtesy, economy, sincerity and harmony.
The baby is opportunity.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED.

This Equipment Accounts Business

FROM time to time the Accounts Section has brought a power of higher education into the camp. All its personnel are taking correspondence courses on "How to be a Key Man (or Duty Clerk)"; it has sent delegates to all committee meetings, it has produced epics of verse in faultless rhythm (latest effort, "I Like a Nice Weekend, How About You?"), it has organised kit inspections, sent members of its staff to help out the U.S., established permanent connections in Saskatoon, and is fully prepared, if desired, to provide CHAB with the first two verses of the "Internationale". It is therefore not surprising that the Accounts should be able to expound on Equipment Accounts procedure in easy and well-understood phrases. In view of the many misunderstandings regarding vouchers, etc., it would not be amiss at this time to give some idea of the working of the system, with perhaps some helpful hints here and there. We don't pretend to be "Quiz Kids", but if we can help anybody, we will.

TIME MARCHES ON



To New Arrival—

"How was the Old Country when you left?"

The most important things in Equipment Accounts are VOUCHERS. A Voucher is a much thumbed document purporting to show who is sending what to where, often made out by a very thirsty "Erk" with the stub of a pencil, having found equipment in his section he did not expect. It usually shows two or three section and reference numbers, none of which are correct, the description of which is invariably unreadable, but which will be immediately classed as "C" Stores in the Accounts Section with a bland indifference as to whose charge it should go. It is made more hideous as the night goes on by a series of strange markings called signatures, and eventually becomes completely illegible by virtue of stamps impressed on the vital parts, and a series of weird markings supposed to indicate that necessary action has been taken.

Hand in hand with vouchers, go REGISTERS. A register is a translation of the hieroglyphics on the Voucher set to music in the various columns, and the job can be made much more thrilling for someone looking for the voucher at later date if the wrong "gen" is given. (Most of the Stores Accounts men hold diplomas for this type of work.) A Voucher is first registered in Main Stores, but from that moment it disappears entirely from the ken of man for some considerable time until it arrives battered and worn, but unsigned by anyone *en route*, in the Accounts Section, where it is Registered in the wrong book, filed in the wrong series, and thereafter completely forgotten. The cleanliness of vouchers and registers and the steadiness of work results in nearly every Clerk, Stores Accounts, wearing a perfect suit of Blue, and tunics are *never* removed.

One of the best known vouchers is a Form 664B as it invariably affects an airman's financial status. It is presented to "Erks" who have lost, or broken, kit or equipment, in the vain hope that he will sign it without correspondence flashing from station to station and outpost to outpost. However, if you study the methods of Equipment Accounts Clerks, you will never be required to sign one of these.

Another voucher worthy of note is the Conversion Voucher, which is a very handy thing to have around as it can hide a multitude of sins. When an inventory check fails to trace tables, office,

• *Continued on next page*

THIS EQUIPMENT ACCOUNTS BUSINESS

• *Continued*

14, but instead you find flags, bunting, 1, the thing to do is to convert one to the other. This may appear at first to be a feat worthy of any professional conjurer, but nothing is beyond the bounds of possibility in the R.A.F. (as if you didn't know!) The bloke in the Stores Accounts will probably advise you to raise the voucher, and then in turn advise the section commander not to sign it; but don't worry, it's all part of the game.

One of the most important jobs in Accounts is the keeping of the MAIN STOCK LEDGER. This is a loose-leaf book recording stocks of equipment on the Station, and entries are made from bits of paper signed by important folk (cf. Vouchers). It must not be supposed that there are just a few articles of equipment on charge in Main Stores. Any storebasher will tell you that there are at least three different articles of equipment in each section. The total amount of equipment seldom agrees with the Main Stock Ledger at stock-taking on the first twenty or so checkings, but eventually, after a good deal of jiggery-pokery, the Ledger can be made to agree. There are, of course, vast surpluses, it being in the nature of the Flights to draw less equipment than is shown on the voucher, and all Equipment Assistants run cars, eat dinner every day at Smokey Joe's, and even find they can afford to get married on R.A.F. pay.

A LOAN CARD is another important document, being presented to the recipient of equipment on loan in the hope that he will append a clear signature thereto; the hope is seldom realised, and in such cases where it succeeds, the signature given is such that it can be repudiated by any self-respecting "Erk". Once signed, Loan Cards should be put away where they can never be found again, as they are useless documents.

A definition should also be given here of EQUIPMENT. Equipment consists of anything from dirty washing to a Flying Fortress. Schedules of Equipment can be easily found in a handy little pocket volume known as the VOCABULARY, which should be hidden as long as possible behind some other books. When in doubt, this and other instructions should be referred to, if they can be sorted out from their amendments.

The Accounts Section is, of course, constantly in touch with Command Headquarters, and for the benefit of those who have no first hand knowledge of this vast and far-reaching organisation, be it known that it is a building infested with strange mortals who exist mainly to discover all the difficulties and spots of bother we are anxious to forget. Impressive and instructive letters issue forth, and these should be put in date order and dealt with as the spirit moves. If Command discovers a station which is snowed under and unable to cope with correspondence, all departments are advised at once, so that special repeats may be sent from all quarters. This gingers things up a bit, and the recipient is grateful for having his attention drawn to the position in such a nice way.

And lastly a word about this "Safe Custody" affair. The term "Safe Custody" covers the Accountant Officer's safe in which a limited supply of space is reserved for money or any odd articles that airmen wish to disown temporarily or for all time. It is believed that the amount now held is 3¾d, although in July, 1941, an all-time record was set up by an airman who deposited some Beecham's Pills (worth a guinea a box).

Before closing, special thanks are due to the N.C.O. i/c Equipment Accounts for releasing the typewriter for a short while in order that this illuminating article could be written.

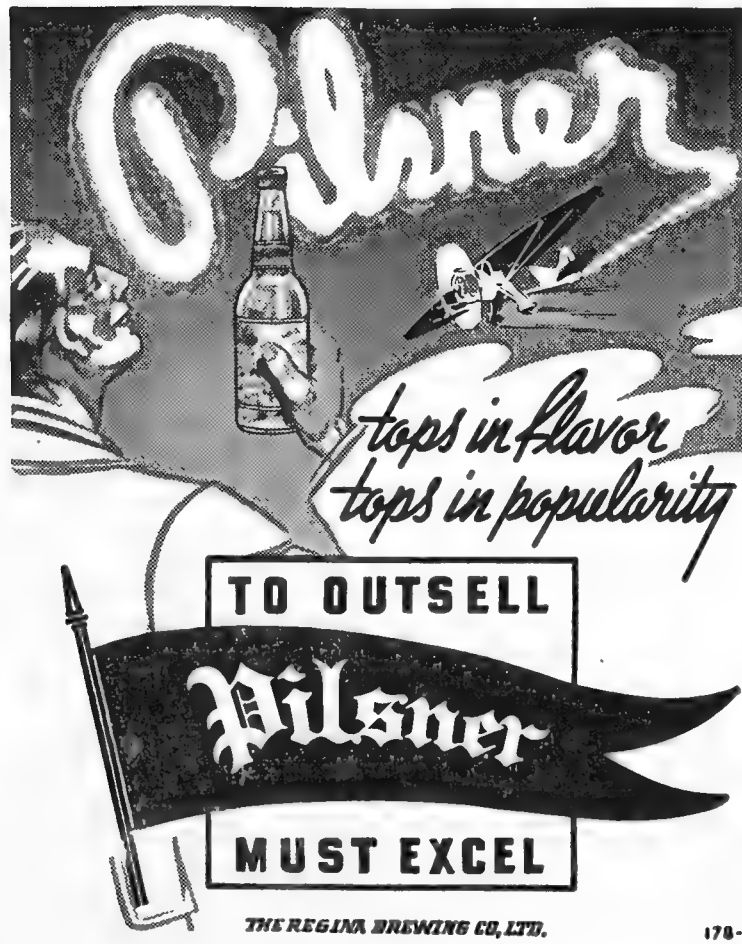
T.S.M.G.

Your Motto

Be strong in heart, in soul and mind,
Be strong in purpose, but be kind.
Be firm in hope and spirit too,
Be firm, someone believes in you.
Be swift to give a word of praise,
Be swift to help in many ways.
Be sure that what you do is right,
Be sure you do not covet might.
Be slow to hurt by word or deed,
Be slow, but not to men in need.
Be calm with danger by your side,
Be calm with reason as your guide.

DEZZY.

Did you ever hear about the Scotsman who went to a six-ringed circus and died of a broken neck?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BITS and PIECES

DEFINITIONS

Teetotaler: A man who is never seen drinking.

Chesterfield: A piece of furniture made to hold two strangers; three friends; or six people, as the case may be.

"Funny," says Mr. Ponsonby, "how most girls are not willing to die, but all are willing to meet their master."

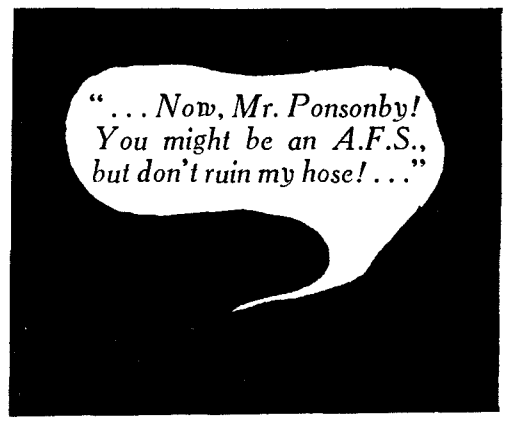
HEARD IN MOOSE JAW

Indignant Miss: "How dare you! I don't think you airmen know what good, respectable girls are!"

Cheeky "Erk": "'Fraid not — what good are they?"

PONSONBY PONDERS

Why wives always seem to have more relatives than their husbands?



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

Why a woman will expose her thinly-clad, silk-stockinged legs to the icy blasts all winter, and then wear long pants all summer?

Extract From a Letter From Slim Wilson, Written in 1914

"They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me No. 575; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said: 'No. 575—Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days in the guard house because I answered that I certainly was."

An old spinster in England lived in the country with her maid. One morning the maid admitted a visitor—an Evacuation Officer who was arranging homes for London's evacuee children. "Please, mum!" she gasped as she rushed upstairs, "You've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs!"

Then the spinster fainted!

THIS MONTH'S HOWLERS

Soviet is a name given to a cloth used by waiters in hotels.

A demagogue is a pot-bellied vessel for holding liquor.

A blizzard is the inside of a duck.

Then there was the blonde who was so dumb she thought Barbarians were things put into bicycle wheels to make them run smoothly!

SERVICE

Modern competition seems to be forcing some of our public utility corporations to proffer unusual service to their customers. To call attention to these special services, telegraph companies often use little labels on the corners of their delivered messages.

A story is current that a father, nervously waiting at his office for the news that both worries and thrills, received the following message: "Charlotte gave birth to a baby girl this morning stop baby and mother both doing well." On the corner of the envelope containing the message was the label: "When you want a boy, ring Canadian National."

Winner Takes All

. . . the intruder comes into the room shining his flashlight.

IT ALL starts kind of friendly like. I am attending the Salvation Army Mission one night when in comes one of the Brodie brothers and sits down beside me, which makes me feel rather annoyed as I am an honest man and do not like to be seen around with such people, especially in a place of worship. In between the hymns Brodie whispers that he is on a good thing, but being particular about my religious habits I refuse to listen until we get outside, by which time he gets very annoyed and the friendly atmosphere is kind of spoiled. Outside, he tells me that he knows a house which has one of the easiest safes to crack and where the owners are away, having left plenty of dough around which would come in very handy as we are all in the red. I always find things very difficult at a time like this, as I am an honest man, but from time to time people such as Brodie prevail upon me to use my unusual talents, and always when I could well use a little on the side. However, I decide to take my time about it, as I have no desire to lose my good character by getting into trouble with the cops, a state of affairs which Brodie hardly ever seems to be able to avoid. So I go along and have a talk with my pal, Jimmy the Fence, and eventually decide to put myself at his disposal, being, as I said, rather hard pressed and not liable to be too particular as to how I fill my collection envelope.

So a few days later we set out in Brodie's car to have a look-see, and the house seems to be an easy job, and we come back to Jimmy's to plan the thing properly. We decide that three of us shall go the next night—Brodie, Tony the Wop and myself. Tony is also a respectable man, having only been up the river once, but it wasn't his fault as his pals let him down. He is to drive the car and wait round the corner ready for the quick get-away, while Brodie and I get inside and collect the dough.

Next night we all set out again, Brodie with his suitcase for the dough, and me with mine, provided by Jimmy, in which I carry the implements of my profession. We get to the house, and Tony drops the two of us in the back lane, and goes off round the corner to wait. We get over the wall into the garden unobserved, and get in through a downstairs window, which we find unlocked. I think at the time that this is very careless on somebody's part, and simply asking for trouble, but we very soon have other things to think about. Brodie has the layout of the house and leads me to the study, where there is a wall-safe behind a picture. Again, this annoys me, because people will insist upon putting their safes behind pictures, and this is the first place a thief will look, and it makes it much too easy for an amateur to pull something off.

Well, I take a look at the safe, and as it is a combination lock, I don't need my tools in the suitcase, and manage quite all right by using my fingers and my ear. I get it open, and inside there is a considerable amount of greenbacks as Brodie had said, so we start filling his suitcase, when we hear someone coming along the passage. We put the cases behind a chair and hide behind a chesterfield, but the intruder comes right into the room shining his flashlight. He feels his way across to the safe and starts fumbling around, when Brodie decides it is time to act, so he comes up with a gun, and tells the other fellow it's a stick-up. When we shine the light on his face, we find it is Johnny the Frog, a safe-cracker of no great ability, and always getting himself into trouble with the cops. Brodie gets annoyed and asks him what he is doing here, but Johnny says it is no business of his, and that he has as much right here as we have. Brodie gets more annoyed at this, having paid Larry the Nark good money for the lowdown on the place, and it becomes obvious that Larry has double-crossed him and sold the layout to Johnny, too. So he starts to swear at Johnny, and I feel uncomfortable, and try not to listen as it is against my religious principles. But Johnny refuses to go, and Brodie resorts to physical violence in which I take no part as I do

• *Continued on page 34*

. . . Things ? We Want to Know

What, and where is, the "Shalimar" and from whom did it derive its name?

What is the name of the LAC. who voluntarily stayed in camp for 31 consecutive days? Did he make up for lost time when he did go out again?

How many social functions were cancelled due to Marcelle being detailed for the Fire Party?

Could anyone have foreseen the future when they erected the Dental Clinic so near to Hut "A"?

What is the name of the Senior Officer who wants to play his "Euphemism" in the Station Band? Is it true that his signature tune is "The Long and Short of the Whatnot"?

Who is the Radio Wrecker in Station Workshops?

Who made the "Norseman" fly. Was he suitably rewarded?

Where did "Mi Wurd" find his kit on a recent inspection? Did he have it ready and "all square" at the last lay-out?

How far did a certain Canadian LAC. walk in search of "A Long Wait"? Were his feet heavy at the end?

How do our meteorologists manage to forecast the weather now that they no longer can get it from CHAB?

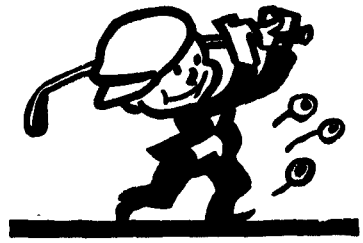
How much money does Archie save now that he doesn't have to write to Winnipeg?

Who is the LAC. who ate a Linseed Poultice and thought it was "jolly good potted meat"?

Who, in the early hours of one morning, woke up an entire hut of Senior N.C.O.'s when ordering a fireman to make less noise?

Who was the LAC. who recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb" after a dental extraction in the "Sickery"?

Is it true that the Sports Officer is issuing ration coupons for golf balls, and if so, how many balls are allowed per hole?



Why the Officers' Mess are having sausages made to measure? Is it part of a scheme to ration pork?

Did the Airmen's Hockey Team miss the train when they reached the stage for the C.P.R.?

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ALL PROBLEMS ON LOVE, ASTROLOGY, DIVINATION, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, ETC., ANSWERED

SADIE FROM SHAUNAVON WRITES:—Do you know anything about marriage or palmistry, and if so does the marriage line run slightly upwards upon the Mount of Mercury?

ANSWER: In a treatise on the "Hand of Man", Jacquin states, "There are no marks which definitely and scientifically betray the married state." With this statement I am in violent disagreement, although never having been up the Mount of Mercury, my only scientific connection to date with Mercury being a clinical one, I personally contend many marks and lines portray the married state. Those best known, whether on an upward or downward path (and the latter seem the most popular) are easily discernible, and although never able to tell one in the married state much, one should at least by these marks be able to tell them.

★ ★

GERALD FROM GRAVELBOURG WRITES:—I have been indisposed lately with a peculiar complaint accompanied by visions such as the following: I wake up in the morning or early noon and see strange figures at the foot of the bed; sometimes one has the appearance of being semi-human and has a head on it like a dog's hind leg; it is robed in black and white, carries a cane, has a sort of female form which can best be described as lumpy, and is often accompanied by many other haunting monstrosities which have four or five legs and bear a close facial resemblance to my wife's relations. What is this illness, and how may I cure it?

ANSWER: I should say, on first diagnosis, your malady was alcoholicremors. It is a fairly common complaint at present, and although not peculiar to any class, can be easily cured by taking the following advice: When allergic to fruit juices or fruit, confine this on all occasions to that of the solid variety, and strictly avoid anything in the nature of the canned or bottled variety. If you follow this advice the malady and the dreams should then disappear.

★ ★

LIZZIE FROM LIMERICK WRITES:—As the Allies now have made popular use of "V" for Victory in this campaign, why not, in view of the need for economy, use the following: "T" for Tin and "P" for Petrol?

ANSWER: "Y" not? Depend upon it, Lizzie, I shall bring your suggestions to the proper authorities, although "Guns on Bread" is not a popular relish.

★ ★

CALAMITY JANE FROM CYPRESS HILLS WRITES:—Having heard that spirits might be invoked by concentration, the other night I decided to experiment. I procured a bamboo table, two glasses, and concentrated in solitude for three days in a darkened room. Spirits failed to appear, and what is more I was left very hungry. Can you account for my failure? In the book "Anatomy of Melancholy" by Burton Gonfor, it is pointed out that to achieve success in this direction it is necessary to meet the governing factor half-way.

ANSWER:—Suggest you experiment again, obviously having nothing better to do. This time, however, forward spirits nomenclature to the Liquor Control Board, along with about five dollars, and the results should be better.

★ ★

FERNIE FROM FROUDE WRITES:—I work as a stenographer, and am of a nervous temperament. I go to bed early and cannot sleep—nobody likes me, yet I have blue eyes and a tender skin. I just lie there and worry. If you have any suggestions I will be so grateful.

ANSWER:—Take up dancing, hiking and fishing, occasionally mingle with "Eastern Foam" as a tonic dressing—this should give you pep, poise and personality, if the adverts are correct. Read BERTHA POTTS "How I Got My Man" in your leisure, but make it a business in your case, and if you don't sleep then, you will at least have the satisfaction of keeping someone awake beside you.

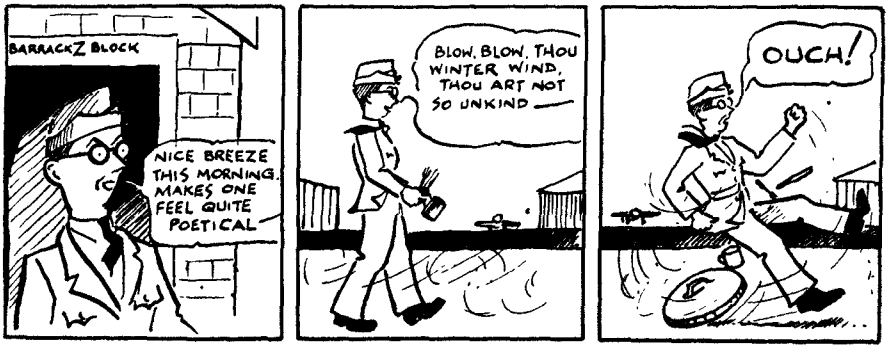
An Ode to an "Erk"

(BY ONE WHO KNOWS)

An "Erk" is e'er a corny cuss,
With nowt to do he makes a fuss;
In the crew room, night and day
You'll hear him moan about his pay
Or the stuff he's given at meals—
Leathery beef and potato peels.
All his troubles come in a wave,
"I'm nothing but a ruddy slave,"
Says he at large with all his might,
"Stick up your 'dooks'—I want a fight."
Turns up late for "early" parade;
Uses a spanner like a spade;
Is oft late getting in at night;
You would think these things were his right.

But when we get into the rough,
In other words, when things get tough,
What do you think our "Erk" does then—
Invite a sentence to the "Pen"?
No! Never let that be said.
He's always early into bed
And up again before the dawn,
Possibly stifling an outsize yawn,
And off to work with a light tread,
Munching a slice of day-stale bread.

To hear him work, why nothing's wrong,
He's always bursting into song;
Do you hear him moan? Never once—
There is not time, you stupid dunce;
"Watch that spanner you little fool!
Don't you know it's a precious tool?"
"What's the problem of pay to me?
I haven't time to spend it, see!"
He'll work all day and night time too,
You'd think he had nowt else to do;
And he will say "What do I care
As long as my kite is in the air!"



JOE — by Walker

Technical Quiz—

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS

1. Since the hydraulic system is only required for short periods, i.e., while raising the undercarriage, etc., the pump is only designed for short term operation at high pressure and will overheat if operated continuously at such pressure. To avoid this, the Power Lever actuates a valve which allows high pressure to be built up for the limited period of hydraulic operation. On some British aircraft, hydraulic pressure is only introduced when the selectors are operated and this is automatically cut off when the operation is completed—the rising pressure in the system being used to return the selector to neutral. Some American aircraft, particularly the Lockheed, used a hydraulic pressure regulator which by-passes the output of the pump when high pressure is built up. When the pressure in the main system drops, due to selection of a hydraulic operation, the regulator cuts out the by-pass and automatically cuts it in on completion of the operation.

2. It would be possible to fit a tricycle undercarriage to a Harvard, the basic requirements being a nosewheel attachment and the mainplane assembly moved backwards to balance the aircraft on the nosewheel instead of the tailwheel. The main disadvantage would be the difficulty of retracting the nosewheel into the fuselage although other structural difficulties would be encountered. The change would not be a practical proposition as the tricycle undercarriage enables aircraft having high landing speeds (which go usually with high performance aircraft) to be landed with greater safety. The nose wheel allows brakes to be added as soon as the wheels touch the ground, thereby reducing the length of run.

3. There are two main reasons for efficient cooling being obtained by Cessna Cranes fitted with blanking discs:—(1) the annular space is opposite to the engine cylinder heads which require the most cooling; (2) the propeller aerofoil section becomes more pronounced at this distance from the root of the blade and impels the air through the annular space. The fitting of "cuffs" assists this, as, as (2) above, an aerofoil section on the root end of the blade is built up in the form of a "cuff" to impel additional air on to the engine.

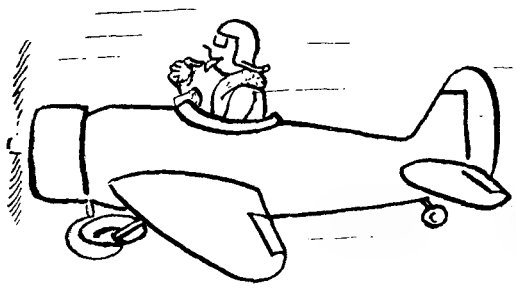
4. The advantage of the nine-lobe cam over the four-lobe cam on the contact breaker is in the geometric arrangement of the connecting rods on the master connecting rod. It will be appreciated that as the crankshaft rotates, the movement of the pistons will not be the same in all cylinders since the axes of the wrist pins are not coinciding with the arc of the crank pin. Every lobe of the four-lobe cam is identical and firing of the mixture is made at regular angular position of the crankshaft regardless of the individual positions of the pistons to T.D.C. The nine-lobe cam has nine different lobe contours of varying angular settings to ensure that firing occurs as each individual piston reaches the appropriate position relative to T.D.C.

THIS MONTH'S QUESTIONS

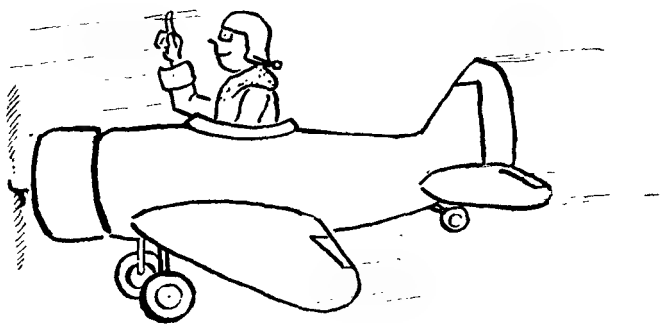
1. How is it that "positive drag" is obtained from certain radiator installations of liquid cooled engine aifcraft? What other propulsive effect is exploited on British liquid cooled installations and how is it obtained?
2. Would any advantage be gained by fitting a fully feathering propeller to the Harvard? What would be the advantage with a multi-engined aircraft? On what installation would a reversible pitch propeller be used and what would be the advantage?
3. When diving aircraft, why are flaps not used to limit the air speed? Why is it that special air brakes usually operating on the upper side of the main planes are fitted to dive bombing aircraft instead of utilising the flaps?
4. What purpose, in addition to adjusting lateral trim, do the tabs on the aileron controls fulfil ? Has it anything to do with the rudder and elevator trimming tabs? Why are the aileron control tabs not adjustable from the cockpit?

NOTE.—It has been brought to the notice of the author that the answer given in the April issue to Question No. 3 in the March number may have left an incorrect impression as to how the Exhaust Gas Analyser records the fuel mixture. The statement that it ". . . . tests the exhaust gas for carbon monoxide gas content" may be qualified by adding "by a comparison of thermal conductivities". It is also pointed out that the calibrations on the instrument record fuel-air ratio calculated from the relative CO content of the exhaust gases.

"Pups" Take Note

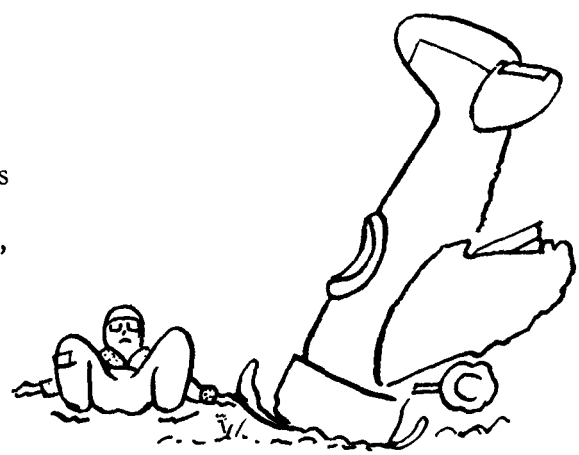


A budding young pupil from
"Thirty-two"
Arrived at a 'drome which to
him was quite new.



The wind direction he wanted to know,
And wetting his finger he hoisted it so:—

This method when walking's
O.K. I'll agree,
But when you are landing,
please use the "T".



"My Most Harrowing Experience"

The incident I am about to relate occurred in the days before I was posted to Training Command. At the time I was attached to Air Ministry and my rank was Squadron Leader. My work entailed a considerable amount of travelling, mostly by train, and my story starts at the beginning of a trip from London to Southend.

I arrived at the Railway Station with a reasonable amount of time to spare, and was fortunate enough to find an empty "Smoking" compartment, into which I esconced myself. Having previously purchased my favourite newspaper, I settled myself comfortably, prepared to enjoy the journey.

You will understand how I felt when, a minute or so before the train was due to start, the door was opened and in clambered a very elderly and unbecoming woman, and, worse still, in her arms was a particularly nasty looking specimen of Pekinese dog. Now, as any of my friends will tell you, I am a dog lover, but in common with many people, I cannot regard a Pekinese as a dog. However, while I felt more than a little annoyed that these were to be my travelling companions, I naturally said nothing—even when, although there were three vacant corners, the woman sat down immediately opposite me.

I picked up my newspaper just as the train started and commenced to read the news. In the opposite corner, to the accompaniment of an occasional pet word from its mistress, the dog was making those snuffling and slobbering noises peculiar to its breed, which, I am afraid, I found difficult to ignore.

After a while I put down the paper and pulled out my pipe and tobacco. I am an ardent pipe smoker, and as I filled it I hoped that with its aid and my newspaper, I would be able to forget all about my travelling companions.

Once it was lit I picked up the newspaper again, and turning over its pages, came to what appeared to be a promising article. It was, and just as I was getting interested, I was rudely awakened by the newspaper being snatched from my hands by the woman.

"How *dare* you smoke in here?" she asked. "I strongly object to smoking and to pipes in particular. You cannot be a gentleman otherwise you would have asked my permission first."

To say the least, I was rather taken aback and quite annoyed. I pointed out that this was a "Smoking" compartment, and therefore I had a right to smoke when I wished, what I wished and how I wished, and if she objected then she was at liberty to find another compartment. And there, for the time being, the matter ended.

It was not long, however, before I desired to smoke again, and being a man who likes to exercise his prerogative, without being boorish, I lit my pipe again. I was just enjoying the first few puffs, when, once more, the newspaper was torn from my hands, and, to my horror and indignation, the pipe was snatched from my mouth and thrown out of the open window!

I jumped to my feet in a fury, and without thinking, grabbed the Pekinese and flung it after my pipe.

The effect on the woman was electrical. She jumped to her feet and screamed, "Help! Help! MURDER!" I've been assaulted!"

Now all this happened just as the train was slowing down for its first stop, and the woman, leaning out of the window, continued to scream until we stopped in the station.

As the train stopped I heard a patter of running feet and the door was flung open by a porter. By now, although in a dreadful state, the woman sobered up sufficiently to tell a story of how, sitting peacefully in her seat, I had brutally assaulted her and murdered her dog—her "darling Fifi"! She would hardly allow me to speak, but by bits and pieces, I managed to tell my version; but I could tell from the looks on the faces of my hearers, that I was disbelieved. The situation was most unpleasant . . . visions of newspaper headlines flashed through my mind . . . "R.A.F. OFFICER ASSAULTS ELDERLY WOMAN" . . . and the consequences were too unsavoury to contemplate.

At last a policeman arrived; the woman was fast convincing him. Once again I endeavoured to tell my story, and still I was not believed. The woman continued to talk, and the longer she did, the worse my position became.

The policeman looked at me, none too pleasantly. "I think you'd better come along with me," he said. What could I do? Nothing. I turned to go with him, pushed my way out of the crowd, and there, running towards us, was that damned Peke, and, in its mouth . . . my pipe!

G. L. B.

Potted Personalities—No. 9

PILOT OFFICER A. CARSWELL, Sports Officer

Mi Wurd

They tell me that in the Spring a yung manns fansy litely terns to thorts of luv. Well I doant know anything abowt that, becos what with my war effurt and thorts of "The Boat" I doant ave tyme for thinking abowt mushing.

Owever, I went walking over the prairy the uther day to sea if I cood sea any sines of Spring, but the onely sine I saw was that Smokey Joe was wearing two swetters insted of wun. Of corse, the goafers have cum owt of there holes on several ocassions onely to find it was a false alarm. Thay ought to get organised and av a Duty Twitcher amung themselves, and then wen Spring does cum he cood goafer a sleep himself. Of corse, thay doant know wen thay are well-off — if thay ad any sence thay wood stay in there littel dugouts orl the tyme, becos I am told that more and more erks are luking forwurd to improving there marksmanship by shooting them insted of shooting lines.

Now that you orl ave permishun to wear your caps, feeld serviss, you must remember to get yore hare cut more often, becos it is much easier now to be dangerus than it wos before. Aint it a pity that we carnt wear Helmets, Wolseley? But then, what wood the poor barber do then? I suppose he wood call that a "Robey" idea!

Stashun Wurkshops will soon be bizy taking down the storm winders. Instead of storing them away for the summer, they cood bild greenhouses with them and grow tomartows, so that the Stashun Mincer cood go on leeve for the summer, and the erks cood have plenty of Combinashun salads.

A shure sine that Spring is supposed to be ere is the amownt of tork going on abowt Footbawl. Everybody is oping as ow we shall ave anuther successfull seeson, orlthough their will be more competishun from uther stashuns this yere. With this in mined, orl airmen who ope to play will, of corse, putt more effurt into there mourning P.T.

Which reminds me, when the Stashun Duty Offiser has finished reeding orl the seckshuns of the Air False Act, he is going to start on "Alice in Wunderland," or uther such punishment as is in this Act menshuned.

I am afraid I carnt stop to rite any more now, as I ave got to start getting my kit marked or else I mite drop sumthing when the neckst kit inspeckshun cums off. Wen that is dun I ave got to start ironing my karki drill. I carnt find owt from anywun if I am supposed to iron my defishency chit for a pair of Slacks, karki drill.

But Never Mined, Eh!

HUGH CARES.

"Why I Cling to Life . . ."

The following is a copy of a letter sent by a subscriber to a well-known Hospital in answer to their appeal for funds:

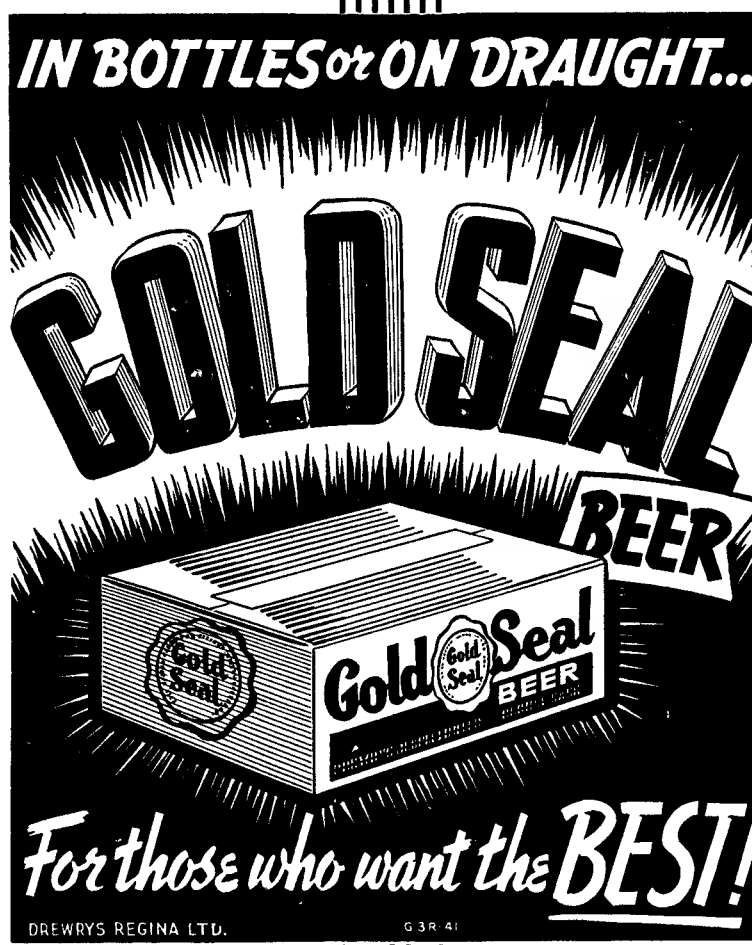
"For the following reasons I am unable to send you a larger cheque. I have been held up, held down, sand bagged, walked upon, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed by the Income Tax, the Super Tax, the Tobacco Tax, the Beer Tax, the Spirits Tax, and the Motor Tax, and every Society Organization and Club that the inventive mind of man can think of to extract what I may or may not have in my possession—for the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Ivory Cross and the Double Cross and for every Hospital in town and country.

"The Government has governed my business till I don't know who runs it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here at all. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and damned-near ruined.

"The only reason why I am clinging to Life at all is to see what the Hell is going to happen next."

Technical Terms Illustrated

NAVIGATION LIGHTS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BEER
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Gold Seal BEER
For those who want the BEST!
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G3R-41

AIRMEN SWIM AT REGINA

Mounties Prevent Airmen Taking Laurels

Regina, March 28, 1942.—Contrary to the invariable practice of going after their man, the R.C.M.P. got in ahead of him and it was a case of the airmen going after the Mounties, but the world renowned and most colourful body of policemen upheld their motto "Maintiens le Droit" by leading the two Air Force teams at the Swimming Gala held at their Barracks here today. The Law Enforcers controlled the pool to swim through with 29 points as against "32" with 15 points and the local R.C.A.F. (No. 2 I.T.S.) with 10 points. "32" had one first, three seconds and six thirds.

The programme of eleven events, which was a varied one, covering the usual races and relays, demanded too much of the Prairie Flyers' 10-man team, and when it is pointed out that two contestants went forward in each event, it must be admitted that theirs was a spirited and meritorious performance. Individually, however, the Mounties were stronger swimmers, except when it came to water polo. The match between "32" and the Mounties resulted in a 2-1 victory for the Flyers.

A feature of the gathering was the International Relay Race won by Canada, with Norway, England and U.S.A. following in that order. Our correspondent, commenting on the new International boundaries, points out that these appear to have bulged somewhat very suddenly. Did you ever hear of a Norwegian by the name of McTavish? But who cares, the English, Scots, Irish, Welsh, Canadians, Norwegians and Yanks are one big family at "32", and this is due in a large measure to such people as the Mounties. Their hospitality was magnificent.. The Prairie Flyers hope to return at a later date once they are in better trim.

Floors Go Unwaxed

32 S.F.T.S., March 30, 1942—The personnel housed in Barrack Hut "A" were very perturbed tonight — "Domestic Night" — when they discovered there was no floor polish. Some of the more conscientious—not to be confused with the "Service-minded"—airmen managed to unearth a few handfuls of dried-up polish and smeared it stickily over their floor spaces, but on the following morning when the Commanding Officer went round, the majority of the floor spaces were swept—but only swept.

The "Flyer" representative toddled off in search of an explanation—where was the missing polish. With the aid of a certain LAC. from Sick Quarters, late of the Supper Room, who has a mania for floor polishing, and can trace polish from as far as Wimpy can trace hamburgers, our representative solved the mystery.

Snug in Officers' quarters, furtive and quietly, members of the Flying Training Wing were waxing their moustaches in front of mirrors.

That's the story as far as we got it. If the representative has fabricated in any way—then due apologies to the wronged.

No, a grass widow is not necessarily green.

COME in and meet your friends, for you are always welcome at the

COFFEE BAR

in the

BUS DEPOT

No. 32 S.F.T.S. AIRMEN'S TEAM

WINNERS OF "B" DIVISION CHAMPIONSHIP — MOOSE JAW COMMERCIAL ICE HOCKEY LEAGUE

P/O Carswell, A. (*Sports Officer*) — LAC. Sullivan, R. — AC. Reid, T. — LAC. Sewell, J. W. — LAC. S. Bladon (*Captain*) — LAC. Hale, H. — AC. Preston, G.

LAC. Thompson, H. — LAC. Cohen C. B. — LAC. Titman, G. — L/Cpl. Schummer, J. — AC. Cook, W.

32 TO DONATE TROPHY

To Local Commercial Ice Hockey League

Flyers Play Role of Bridesmaids Again

Moose Jaw, April 11.—The efforts of the Prairie Flyers in competitive ice hockey reminds one of that well worn phrase "Why am I always the Bridesmaid and never the Blushing Bride?" for on no less than three occasions now they have wooed successfully until within reach of the prize only to be jilted at the altar.

There's the Station Team's appearance in the final of the Southern Saskatchewan Intermediate Play-offs. They were the "Bridesmaids" and they gave the Indians a lovely "shower" (of goals).

Again, the Airmen's team was second in the "B" Division of the Moose Jaw Commercial League and they looked good enough to become champions of this division, but the conquest ultimately became a semi-final for the championship of the two leagues A and B.

In their first game with "Scottys Scooters" in the "B" Division Play-offs they knocked the wheels off their opponents' "Scooter" and in the second they bumped them "off the road." It wasn't so easy "bottling up" Johnstone's Dairies, but the Airmen managed to "steal the cream" which labelled them "Grade A" and set them up as the finalists to meet the "A" Division winners—the Canadian Pacific Express team—for the championship and the trophy which "32" had decided to give to the league.

Once the Railwaymen "got up steam" there was no pushing them off the "rails" and they became champions in a hard fight which they won well and truly by 7 goals to 2. The trainbearers had gone off at express speed to leave the Flyers as bridesmaids again with their tails dangling in the mud.

'Tis true that the Airmen were considerably under strength, due to the loss of AC. Cook and L/Cpl. Schummer, who were not available for the all-important day, but "All's fair in love and war," and unfortunately the war is more important than wooing trophies.

All this apart, there is no doubt that the better "groomed" team won, and "32" offer them hearty congratulations.

The Commercial Ice Hockey League has afforded the opportunity to compete in good clean, competitive hockey, and it is fitting that a city team should be the first to claim the trophy to be presented by "32" to mark their happy association with the folks of the Friendly City, but remember—the Flyers will be in at the start next season and this time they won't be bridesmaids.

Sequel to Hockey Guilt Trial

Sports Officer Warned Off

The Sports Officer has fallen again, but this time there's no probation for him. His latest offence is an unpardonable one —"counting his chickens before they were hatched."

Not only has he let his Station down but his Country. Can you imagine a Scotsman agreeing to present a trophy to the champions of the Commercial League on the off-chance that the Prairie Flyers would claim it? He should have withheld the idea until it was "In the Bag" for his own Station.

It's just as well that the jury have warned him off the ice before he freezes more funds, but even yet he thinks that P.S.I. stands for Pour, Scatter Indiscriminately.

Entertainment

The festival spirit of Easter prevailed at the "April Antics" dance held in the Station Cinema on All Fools Day.

To be lucky in love is luck indeed, but to be newly-wed is something to crow about, as was evidenced by the success of LAC. Ticehurst and his bride, who won the "Crowing" contest. The young bride and groom started off well by denouncing the phrase "Unlucky in love, lucky at cards," as they held the floor whilst others were "cut out" in the elimination dance which preceded the crowing effort, and strange to say, hearts was the suit which "broke" most of the contestants.

The other finalists who won through must have gone to roost as no amount of persuasion could rouse even a cackle from LAC. Wilson (Accounts) and his fine feathered bird. The audience did the cackling as this pair rose to the microphone several times, but like "brooders" they never got off their eggs. It was chicken feed for Mr. and Mrs. Ticehurst.

The jitterbugging event started off tamely, but the aspirants were real hot (in more senses than one) before the judges, which included Mrs. James, could make up their minds to award the prize to AC1. McQuilling and his partner, Miss Helen Chow of Moose Jaw. They shook a naughty hip and exhibited the real symptoms of the jitters.

Our musicians, under the baton of Sgt. "Bill" Lucas, had a heavy day as they performed at a Red Cross Tea in Moose Jaw in the afternoon, but "The Band Played On" and in good heart. Sgt. Wood provided variety by vocal renderings and helped to make the show a really merry and enjoyable one.

The prizes, which, for the ladies were appropriate Easter novelties, and the inevitable cigarettes for the gentlemen, were presented by Mrs. James. Both she and the Commanding Officer expressed satisfaction that so many of the lads and their fair partners were enjoying these Station Dances.

Unfortunately, the date for the next dance cannot yet be fixed, as the Cinema is in the hands of the decorators, who are splashing Old Rose and Wine (paint) around to brighten up the surroundings for dances and other such forms of entertainment.

The artistes are hard at work again rehearsing for the next show, which it is hoped will be put on around the end of April or beginning of May. It takes a lot of people to make a successful show. Those who saw the last revue, "Circuits and Bumps", must agree that it would be an honour to be associated with such a talented cast. There's room for you if you possess the necessary talent, particularly musical ability. Sgt. Lucas (Signals) will be pleased to hear from anyone who is willing to give the benefit of their services.

We had another successful "Quiz" contest which was conducted by F/O. Croisdale and indications are that we should have more of these. Challenges between teams provide the best and most instructive form of amusement, so if you have a bunch of "wise guys" who think they know "summat" more than others, get together and we'll organise another "bounce" match. We should like to know more about lobsters!

Mr. Wickens' programme of Old Time Favourites proved a real diversion, but our regular recital fans prefer more classical music, and so it is intended to revert to it for future programmes. "The Song is ended but the Melody Lingers on." If you have any requests forward them to the Entertainment Officer.

The general knowledge class had been discussing forms of government. At length, the weary teacher propounded the question, "Well, Simpson, what is the difference between a King and a President?"

"Please, Sir, a King is the son of his father, but a President isn't."

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Sports CHATTER . . .

by "CABER"

We are confronted with a problem. Is Rink Rugger sport or entertainment? The general opinion is that it falls within the realm of sport, but at the Elks Ice Carnival our game with Caron, which we won 1-0, provided both amusement and sport. It levelled most of the players and almost "brought the house down." Playing with field hockey sticks and a rugby ball on ice, proved a real scream but few of the participants realize how near they were to getting their heads in their hands to play with. It is not a polite art, but no doubt this novel effort served its purpose. We don't intend to encourage Rink Rugger as an organised game!

Another deadly game, which is really popular, is Ice Hockey. We've had our fill of "puck chasing" for one season, and what a season! At the close of play there is much to the credit of the Station. We reached the final in the Southern Saskatchewan Intermediate Play-offs (we needn't mention the score—or was it a "score"). In the Moose Jaw Commercial League the Airmen won the championship for "B" Division and were finalists in the same league play-offs. We left our mark and when the next season opens, the Flyers will be at it again, more hopeful and full of confidence that they can reach the top, and they will. They'll be in as solid as ice to thaw the others out. Before leaving the ice we would like to refer to the photograph of our Airmen's Hockey Team which appears in this issue. All of the players who helped to win through are not included. Some have been posted, and of the others there is LAC. Ford, who took part in many games, acted as non-playing coach and assisted considerably in the team management. He is the most industrious and enthusiastic sports worker on the Station. Another star who is missing is AC. Diamond, who shone as goalkeeper.

Cross Country Running has been started, and if you feel the urge to keep fit you should join F/Lt. Shead's Trotting Class. Several informal runs have already been held, and it is intended to continue these. Watch orders for further "meets."

The Basketball Knockout tournament concluded in a real fighting finish between Repairs and Linky Dinks. The former team won in a sudden death game by 35 to 26, and as champions they await the trophies (as also does the Sports Officer.) The Linky Dinks claim that but for the skill of one player in the opposition they would have won. Without mentioning names we know the same player to be a really first-class "basket-maker" and a grand sportsman. 'Tis a pity that he, like the other class exponents of the game, are leaving us. We have benefited no end from having them with us. It is due, in no small measure, to their efforts that we progressed so well in this, a new game to us from the Old Country. They dispelled the illusion that basketball was a "cissy" game, and with such new found convictions, we intend to venture forth into other new realms of sport.

Volleyball and softball, which we intend to introduce, take their place with alley bowling, baseball and basketball

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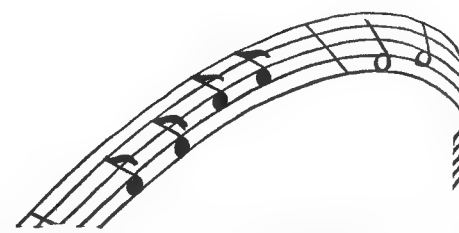

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Sports Chatter

• *Continued*

as popular American and Canadian sports finding favour with millions. Volleyball and softball are two new games, showing remarkable growth in recent years. Both are primarily recreational sports which are inexpensive and easily played without the need for long training and specialization that goes with high powered competition athletics. Why shouldn't we be versatile?

We have reported on the Ice Hockey and Swimming elsewhere, both of which have added new chapters to our Testament of Friendship with the City of Moose Jaw and the Mounties.

Good class boxing, which is traditional in the Services is, unfortunately, lacking on our Station. We are trying to stimulate more interest in the noble art by providing improved facilities, and we hope to have additional apparatus to hand soon. Three of our lads took part in the Y.M.C.A. contests held in Moose Jaw recently. The performance of LAC. Montague, who put on an exhibition bout with AC. Hughes, was well received, as was the game challenge given by LAC. Sparrow to a heavier bird, V. Heilmann. Sparrow, who had done little boxing for a considerable time, conceding poundage to his well trained opponent, put on a bold show. It is no reflection that he lost the decision to a much heavier and better conditioned opponent. We have several challenges from other stations, which, if accepted, would make for good outings, but we must have the trained and experienced boxers with punching power, before we can travel beyond our own sheltered confines.

Soccer, the sport of the masses back home, is with us again and we are busy endeavouring to organise for a full and first-class season. There are leagues to be formed, gear to be prepared and the major question of securing a pitch or pitches, to be decided. The old venue will have to be vacated, and as at present advised, prospects indicate that we can secure accommodation on the west side of the Station. There is room on the proposed site for two playing fields, but a certain number of people are pulling for a field hockey ground. The decision of the majority must hold sway.

An Executive Committee will be formed to control and supervise the carrying out of the sports policy, which will cover all forms of recreation. Team representatives will sit on the General Committee which will provide a convenient channel for expression.

We have the necessary funds to enable us to embark on new schemes. Outdoor tennis courts, swimming pool, cricket and softball pitches; pavilion convenient to the athletic track and the proposed site of the playing fields, and the formation of clubs are all under consideration. The creation of such requires the combined effort of many people and the support of all who desire to participate. If we have the proper team spirit all of these projects, with the exception of the swimming pool, which is very doubtful, should be capable of accomplishment.

Then there is the question of soccer in the City. We are deliberating on the most advantageous form which this competition should take. It is our wish to put on first-class football in the City and this, we think, could be best achieved by the formation of a City Services League, conducted on organised service lines to cover all questions of injury, etc. There is ample talent in the Services within reach of the City, to mention only Caron and ourselves, to provide good competition. We have endeavoured to explain what we have in mind and now it rests with you to help set the ball rolling on these or other suitable lines.

There are too many people apathetic about sport, but when a nation becomes involved in war, the value of sport in building up morale and developing prowess is recognised and vigorously encouraged in the Services. Modern war demands team play. There must be ample participation in athletic activities. We must have human machines which can stand the strain, and sport instils most of the qualities that the Services seek to develop in training, such as alertness, self-confidence, fighting zeal and a natural essence of leadership which is essential in an emergency. These are the qualities which determine the calibre of our national character.

If we are to score the winning goal over Hitler's players we must be fit and willing to give our last drop of blood in the attempt. At the time of writing many of our lads are going forth to real war zones, having graduated as Pilots. Some of them are exceptionally able sportsmen. It would be invidious to mention names. Naturally we will miss them, but they have a sterner role to play, and we trust that the Sports Section has helped to make them fit to play the part. We wish them well and Happy Landings.

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DRY CLEANING, PRESSING AND ALTERATIONS

• SECTION NEWS

+ Life in the SICKERY

We are extremely pleased to note that the "Flying Personnel" of the Airmen's Mess suffered no ill effects after their hectic time in the air the other day, the only reaction seems to be that the F/Sgt. now eats three dinners every day instead of two as formerly.

The following is an extract from a letter written by an ex-patient to a pupil friend of his who is now at No. 32. The writer is now back in the "Old Country". He says: *"Whilst at Moose Jaw I had occasion to spend ten days in the "Sickery" there, and I must say that I count them as the happiest days of my service; even today the tears come into my eyes when I think of the many kindnesses I received at the hands of the Hospital Staff. I'll give you a few examples: Every night the F/Sgt. used to sit and read 'GRIMMS Fairy Tales', and in the mornings he gave us instruction on how to use 'Bumpers' and Floor Wax. He paraded us in our nice blue suits with white shirts and told us how to make hospital beds, and so that we would learn properly he allowed two of us, (who showed more promise than the rest of the scholars to make every bed in the Ward (20 of 'em!) Then there was a Cpl. called MINER, or some name like that, who told us of his marvellous experiences in other overseas countries. He must have travelled around the world during his service; he also gave us lectures illustrating how much time and money we were wasting by lying in the Sickery, and before he had finished we really felt ashamed of ourselves and considered that we were a burden on the Service. We also met a Sgt.; he was very keen to show us how to obtain 3,000 revs. per minute on a weird machine into which he first poured a yellow liquid, afterwards turning a handle like the very dickens. I heard that the S.W.O. did 5,000 revs. on it one day, but was laid up with a sprained wrist for three weeks afterwards. Last, but not least, we met an LAC.—his name was "Chump". All his interest was apparently centred in Regina, where his wife lives. Yes, Jack, they are a good lot of 'blokes' in Sickery and you need not be afraid to visit them during your stay in the 'Friendly Camp in the Friendly City'."*

We have a quantity of second-hand Medical Books for sale at very reasonable prices. These are specially interesting to anyone suffering from Sinusitis or Neurotic Hearts. There are also some good suggestions for those suffering from pains around "McBurney's Point." For further particulars apply to the Sickery.

We have had to put our champion Apple Juice consumer in dock this month, too, but nothing so common as the Sickery for him—oh dear, no! He had to go into the "General". We hear that there was something amiss with his "Turbinates"; we always told him that "Nutty Crunches" had an adverse effect on the "Boilers" anyway.

We want to tender our thanks to "Jones", the ex-batman, for the very interesting show he gave to our patients one night last week. We would like to be there the night when he gives the show upon his return home (we shall probably be needed in any case).

We anticipate a large increase in our Sick Parades in the very near future, and are seriously considering obtaining the services of "Maestro and His Mad Music Makers" to play selections of an appropriate nature. We give you a few examples of the different types of tunes we propose to render: The Band will be stationed outside the Consulting Room. When the N.C.O. taking the Sick Parade goes to the Waiting Room to call the Parade, the Band will commence to play something like "Fall in and Follow Me". Then a few selections are to be played until the start of the Sick Parade, something like these: "Dead March in Saul", "Melancholy Baby", or, when the orderly comes around taking temps, "Don't Ever Pass Me By". Upon the arrival of the Medical Officer, the golden-voiced tenor of the Sickery, AC. Milette, leads the "Erks" in singing "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Good Morning to You". Then there are the sort of tunes that would follow during the Sick Parade! An airman goes into the M.O. with corns, the tune would be "Cut a Little Bit Off

• *Continued on page 35*

WINNER TAKES ALL

• *Continued from page 14*

not believe in violence, and Brodie seems to be doing all right by himself anyway. In the end Johnny decides he had better go, but not before he makes some very pointed remarks about our parentage and our ultimate end, and I get annoyed myself at this, but decide to let it go. So Johnny goes, and Brodie is very unpleasant about Larry the Nark, and it is quite some time before I can get him cooled off and down to business again.

We get all the cash out of the safe and into Brodie's bag when I am certain I hear another sound, and insist we go and investigate. Brodie seems to think I am yellow, but agrees that there is a possibility of Johnny still being around, and we had better find out. So we put the cases behind a chair again, and make a thorough search without finding anything. Brodie gets annoyed again, and we decide it is time to get going, so we go back to collect the cases. Brodie gets there first, and lets out a yell, because his suitcase with the dough in it is gone, but mine is still there. It is very fortunate for me that he knows I could not have had anything to go with it, otherwise I would have suffered the same fate as Johnny, but I tell him it is all very plain what has happened. Johnny had not gone away, but had stayed and watched us. As soon as he saw what we did with the dough, he made a noise and grabbed the bag while we were in another room. Brodie agrees with me, but calls me a lot of nasty names for having left the cases alone. I say it is no good spending time arguing, the thing to do is to get after Johnny and collect the dough off him again. So we get out of the house, go round to the car, explain the situation to Tony and make straight for Johnny's place.

When we get to Johnny's we find him not at home, so we sit and wait. When he comes in, he seems surprised to see us, but Brodie gets straight to the point. Johnny, of course, denies everything, but Brodie and Tony are not satisfied and try to persuade him to talk. Again, this is most unpleasant for me to sit and watch, but I can only assume that Johnny has asked for it and that he had it coming to him. Johnny seems to get real mad all of a sudden and pushes both Tony and Brodie off, and makes a dive for the door. He gets out into the street and runs away with the other two after him, and I get to the door just in time to see them run full pelt into a cop. Brodie is so worked up, he hits the cop when he tries to intervene, so I decide I had better slip away, as I have no quarrel with the cops, and therefore do not wish to associate myself with such goings on.

So I get back to Jimmy's and tell him all about it. We both feel very sorry about the other three, but we are not as sympathetic as we might be, because we decide they have no class, and don't even pretend to come by their money honestly as we do. I then give Jimmy his suitcase back and get down to business. It is a very useful case, having no bottom in it, and if you put it on top of a smaller case, the other will stay inside when you pick it up.

Brodie, Tony and Johnny got into quite serious trouble for causing a disturbance, and I feel very grieved that they should be so silly. But it only goes to prove that I am right about violence—it never gets you anywhere.

T. S. M. G.

A fast life always ends up with slow music.

Away from Home?

YOU'LL ALWAYS
FIND A
HOME WELCOME
AT

NEXT TO CAPITOL
THEATRE

• SECTION NEWS

No. 3 Group Hangar Sweepings

Comment on last month's article hinted that No. 3 Group were blowing their own trumpet. This was intentional in an effort to get other groups to step in and submit their own scripts, but the Editor informs us that our friendly rivals are lying low and so once again we take a deep breath and blow.

Members of the Station Band heard rumours that 3 Group had a Triangle hidden in the hangar. We inform them and other curious groupers that the triangle is equipped with wheels and is used for hauling aircraft. In a recent early morning trial it coped favourably against our man-handling department in getting the "kites" out and on the line in time for commencement of flying. Maybe our "Chiefy" would loan it to other groups to help overcome that Monday-morning-after-a-weekend feeling.

We wonder why our first night flying shift under the new system was so keen to resume day work again, and is it true that several of our ex-members would like to return to this crew room again?

Did a certain group have a little trouble with a throttle gate, and who put the job right for them? Were they surprised to find it only a few minutes work with the aid of a screwdriver? Were the two senior N.C.O.'s of our other friendly group looking in the correct place for the centre of gravity? Did we solve the problem for them or was it just a lucky guess on our part? We should very much like to know what happened to this group's can of transparent dope during a recent week-end off. Perhaps we should ask George!

We have not seen the "Little Black Box" for quite some time, but we recall the occasion when it regularly earned $2.00 per day. Has it been put in storage until the arrival of warmer weather?

A second and closer look at the two "Indian-looking" gentlemen in this group reassured us that they really were two of our instructors returning to duty after a spell of leave that must have been spent some considerable distance away from "32".

We note with approval that the "Daily Bulletin" office is decorated with more artistic and less spicy paintings these days. Could they be persuaded to pass on their former collection to us for our own private albums?

Crew room discussions centre around the forthcoming football season. This year should see us with a team in the field capable of lifting it above the third position in the league that we held at the end of last season. We have several of our last year's stalwarts, and newcomers with reputations as soccer players.

The group has quite a school of model aeroplane builders. Those who have not the cash or time for building are generous with advice, and we await with interest the test flight of the power driven job; what is holding up production, Frank; is it finance?

Who is the crew room artist who insists on sketching "The Boat" on the "Gen Board", and where is this fair city that he boasts engined and launched it?

Members of this group with "red hot" news, friendly ribbing or "bits of gen" desiring to assist in maintaining and improving this page of section news should get in touch with the "Slave Driver".

LIFE IN THE SICKERY

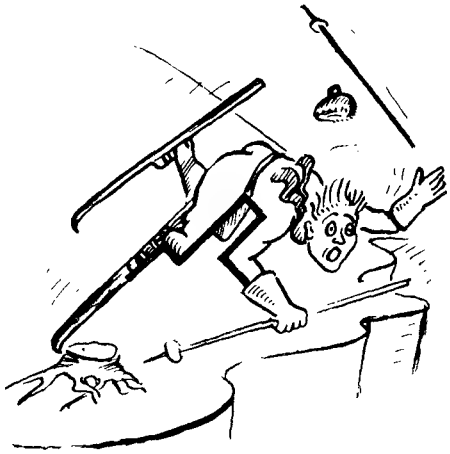
• *Continued*

the Top for Me"; the next client is signed off after nearly two years' treatment, he comes out weeping bitterly, and the tune he would get would be "Adieu, Adieu, Kind Friends, Adieu"; the next name is called but the man is absent, then "Where Are You" is played. The fourth "Erk" is to be detained in hospital, so he gets "Happy Days Are Here Again"; the next chap is given 14 days Light Duty, his tune is "Kind, Kind, and Gentle is He"; No. 6 has a month's Sick Leave to come, the band now plays "When It's Spring Time in the Rockies". The seventh customer has just been discharged from the Sickery, he renders a solo to the M.O., "How Can I Bear to Leave" . . . and so the parade ends with the Band striking up with "Why Can't We Do This More Often", with all the *Light Duty* clients singing the chorus lustily.

There's no more to tell you at present, so Cheerio until next month, when we will have some real "gen" for you all.

"Wiglets" Winners . . .

The best of last month's entries are shown here. Prizes have been awarded to the winners.



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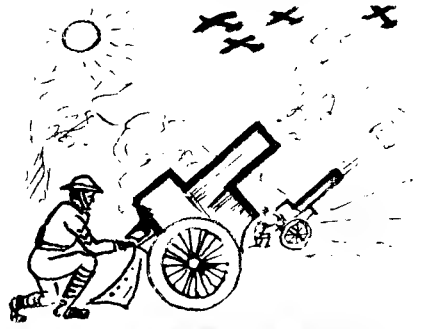

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The prize of $1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

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Crossword Competition No. 9

The Editor offers a prize of $1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before April 30, 1942, to

"The Prairie Flyer",
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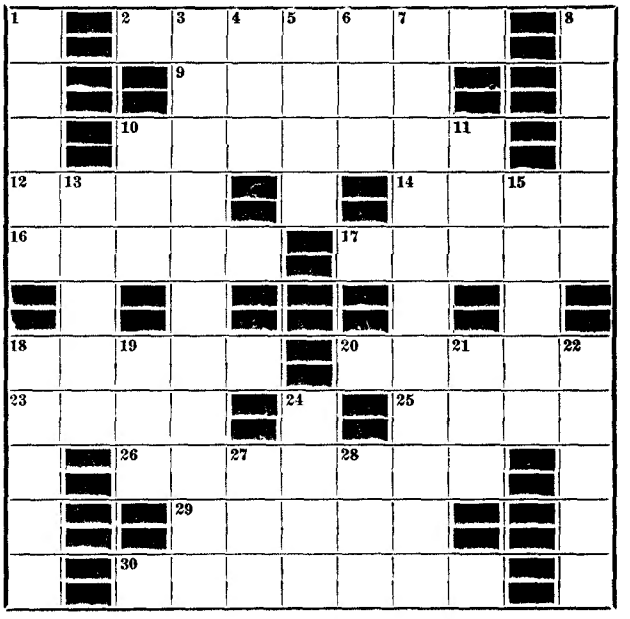
Moose Jaw,

marking the envelope "X-word".

(It is regretted that an error appeared in last month's issue. Clue No. 32 Across should have read "Animal" instead of "Bird." . . . In response to many enquiries, the Editor wishes to state that these Crossword Puzzles are original —they are not copied or "syndicated").



Clues Across

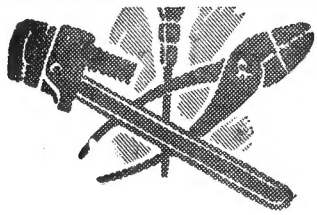
2. Search far site for the most lovely.
9. Without resistance.
10. Moose Jaw is on it.
12. Measure.
14. This or preaches.
16. Most of this thong is a snare.
17. This Officer in the Navy may not consider himself trivial.
18. Part of a church.
20. Girl's name.
23. Three-quarters of this mark will help you travel.
25. Evils.
26. Would this punishment be carried out in, say, Regina?
29. Number and conjunction show a songster.
30. If you drink enough of this you will, no doubt, feel not so good the next day (2 words).

Clues Down

1. Streams.
3. This means added postage (3 words).
4. Girl's name.
5. This is attached to a bit.
6. Go wrong.
7. "Drains piety" (anagram).
8. Cornishman's delight.
10. Equality of value.
11. Consume.
13. Relating to morals.
15. This life is inanimate.
18. Trembling.
19. Bag.
21. Measure.
22. Composition.
24. Measure.
27. Vegetable.
28. This quay is well known in England.

Name . . .

Address . . . . .



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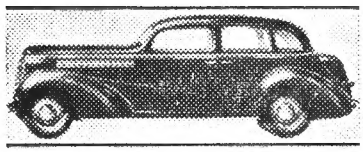

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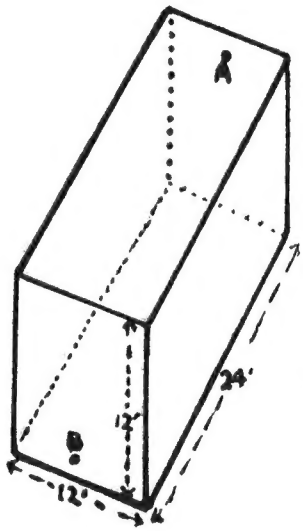
An ideal place to pass away an hour.

SEE THE SIGN COR. MAIN AND HIGH EAST



Can YOU Solve These?

The diagram on the left represents a rectangular room. It measures 12′ × 12′ × 24′—there are no doors or windows, and the walls are perfectly smooth.

On one end wall (shown in the diagram by the point "A") is a spider. Its position is 6′ from either side wall and 1′ from the ceiling.

On the other end wall is a fly. Its position is shown by the point "B," and it is 6′ from either side wall and 1′ from the floor.

The spider sees the fly, and WALKS by the shortest route towards it. The fly does not move and when the spider reaches it, it is eaten up.

The problem is how far did the spider walk and what route did it take?

The answer will be given next month; in the meantime, see what sort of an answer you can get, bearing in mind that this was an extraordinarily clever spider!

And now here is a teaser: Can you prove that 1 is equal to 2? One of our readers sent the following solution, but, at the same time, he declined all responsibility for it. We have determined to do likewise:—

Let $x = 1$, and let $y = 1$;
Then $x = y$.
Now multiply both by y;
Then $xy = y^2$.
Now subtract x^2;
Then $xy - x^2 = y^2 - x^2$.
Therefore $x\ (y - x) = (y + x)\ (y - x)$;
Therefore $x = (y + x)$
Therefore $1 = (1 + 1)$
Therefore $1 = 2$.

Here is a puzzle the answer of which is unknown to the reader who submitted it. If any other reader can supply the answer and the method of working we shall appreciate it, and publish it next month:—

> A farmer owns a perfectly circular meadow. Its diameter is exactly 100 yards. He desires to tether a donkey on its perimeter, allowing the animal sufficient rope to enable it to graze over exactly half the area of the meadow. How long should the rope be?

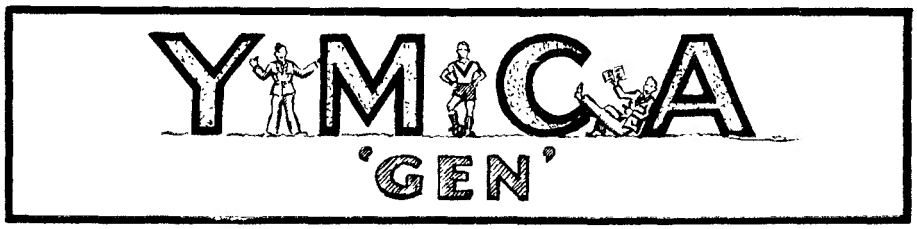
If I were an Air Vice-Marshal
  Instead of an LAC.,
I would run this Air Force
  As it should really be.

Reveille would be at twelve o'clock,
  Starting work at one;
Work like mad to two o'clock,
  And then the day is done.

Four week-ends every month,
  Three months' leave a year,
Two days off every week,
  A buck-shee pint of beer.

Alas, there is a war on,
  And I think the powers that be,
Will carry on as usual,
  With me an LAC.

D.B.



Discussion

The newly formed "Discussion Group" has made its debut on the Station.

A series of four lectures has been arranged with speakers from outside talking on such up-to-date topics as "Russia", "China and Japan", and "America's Foreign Policy". Following each lecture, the meeting will be thrown open for discussion.

The lectures will be held in the Station Recreation Hall on Mondays—April 13, 20, 27, and May 4, at 20.15 hours.

The success of this new venture depends on the response. Many of you have expressed interest in such a venture —here is your chance to show just how interested you are.

If you would like to know more, contact S/Ldr. Foster or P/O. Carswell at Headquarters—or see me.

Station Camera Club

The Station Camera Club is showing new life these days. It must be the "Surge of Spring", or something. Things are happening in the Club.

During conversation with its chairman, I learned that a contest entitled "Spring" is receiving attention from the members. The weather at the time of writing would make it appear that the results, which will be announced through the usual channels later, will be excellent.

Further conversation with the chairman revealed that plans are under way for Mr. Richard Bird of Regina to visit the station and give a programme of films taken by himself. The date set is April 22nd, but further details will be announced later.

The Dark Room is well used and lots of fine prints are coming from it. Many of these will be seen at a later date, because there is no doubt some of them will be among the winners in the competition.

Model Aircraft Club

The Station Model Aeroplane Club got away to a good start on April 3rd, when it staged its first invitation meeting with the "Moose Jaw Night Hawk Flying Club." Both clubs met on the aerodrome to fly some fifteen models. Many designs were evident, and it looks as though the hobbiests know their work.

Following the meeting lunch was served in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen.

Interested airmen should get in touch with F/O. Crampton, who is in charge of the Club.

ERIC WALLING,
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

Friday, April 17th—"THE RAINS CAME", starring Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent.
Tuesday, April 21st—"LADY TUBBS", starring Alice Brady and June Clayworth.
Friday, April 24th—"TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME", starring Cesar Romero and Virginia Gilmore.
Tuesday, April 28th—"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GIRL".
Friday, May 1st—"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK", starring Alice Faye, Richard Green, Fred MacMurray.
Tuesday, May 5th—"LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN", starring Gloria Jean.
Friday, May 8th—"ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE," starring Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Al Jolson.
Tuesday, May 12th—"I SEE ICE", starring George Formby.
Friday, May 15th—"SECOND FIDDLE", starring Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power and Rudy Vallee.

NOTE.—Sunday schedule will be announced later in the usual manner.